the women more or less in front, the men behind. The men smoked cigarettes occasionally, and spat. In intervals there was desultory conversation, possibly as to the next item. A woman appeared to lead, and appeared to lead at will. Each hymn had been Tahitianised as it were, and ended universally on a long drawn-out minor note which was prolonged interminably and very mournfully. The syncopation was remarkable, but the *hymns* seemed to me very much alike.

This unaccompanied singing is said to be very impressive and musical. Perhaps it is sometimes, though I think, like everything else in the Pacific, that is one of the things that is said. For me, one incident, if one could call it an incident, is indelibly fixed on my memory. The pastor sat throughout at his desk, taking no part, his head bowed, his black coat and collar just visible in the smoky lamp-light. A Bible (I suppose) was

open in front of him, and maybe he was only meditating a sermon or dosing or nursing a headache. I do not know. But I shall see him ever, that motionless black figure, with bowed shoulders over the frayed book, silent, seemingly stricken, while in the